

Our Boys and Girls...

EDITED BY AUNT BUSY.

This department is conducted solely in the interests of our girl and boy readers. Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the readers and to give them all the advice and help in her power. Write on one side of the paper only. Do not have letters too long. Original stories and verses will be gladly received and carefully edited. The manuscripts of contributions not accepted will be returned. Address all letters to Aunt Busy, Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

THE SECRET.

To a Dimple said a Frown,
"I would give you half a crown,
To teach me how a compliment to win."

To the Frown replied the Dimple,
"Who, the trick is very simple:
Dance on tiptoe all around the mouth and chin."
John B. Tabb.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

A Story in Twenty Paragraphs and Twenty Sentences.

By Mary West.

She was such a weird, forlorn-looking little thing, as she tripped along that bitter cold Christmas night, with an old plaid that surely was never intended for any feminine head, pulled down over her ears, and a sack comfortable-looking indeed, yet out of all proportion to her diminutive figure, its wide terminating somewhere in the region of her knees, its voluminous sleeves wildly flapping in the wind causing her to resemble some eerie thing with wings, and its skirt descending to her knees, on which were a pair of such dilapidated-looking boots that one could but wonder if they had ever seen better days.

"It's the violet the 'Tot' wants now," she was thinking; "violet instead of books as usual; so well read they say she is—an' she shall have 'em—yes, says I to the Sweetheart, this mornin', if it breaks the bank."

"When one of the fine charity leddies called yesterday with a big bouquet of 'em in her bosom, when she had gone, I, say the 'Tot', what would she give for a bunch of 'violet' for Christmas like that, an' she guessed, she said, that the fine leddy was going to a ball. But the Sweetheart (who used to live among the Big Bugs) told her that the Big Bugs could have 'em every day if they wanted 'em."

"'Twas so kind," her busy thoughts ran on, "'o' Mr. Minton to give me that extra half dollar this mornin' for a Christmas present, just when I was wonderin' how I would get 'em for her, 'cause they cost more 'n picture books do, an' though the Sweetheart says she guesses the cheapest costs a dollar, I said I guessed they wouldn't be above making a small bouquet for half as much, an' be glad enough to get it, too, these hard times."

And the air of superior wisdom with which she uttered these last words unconsciously added, sat about as well upon her as her ill-fitting garments. Arrived at a florist's window, she stood for some time admiring its display of flowers (to her a vision of Heaven), with clasped hands and shining big eyes, before she could tear herself away to go in and make a raid on 'em, as she joyfully whispered to herself.

"Sense me, the snow do cake so on one's booth, an' she said, apologetically, to a portly gentleman walking aimlessly about with his arms behind his back against whom she had floundered in her zigzag path to the counter, because of the impediment mentioned.

The portly gentleman merely exclaimed "God bless us!" and stared at her, while she thought what a nice thing that was to say, and what a fine Santa Claus he would make with his snowy beard and rosy cheeks and fur cap.

But alas! The cherished half dollar being found after a maddening search through the several pockets of the voluminous jacket, being dropped twice—so did the cold little fingers of the would-be purchaser tremble with eagerness—and subsequently scrambled after and at length located at the very feet of the portly gentleman, who picked it up and safely deposited it on the counter—alas! the clerk replied to her earnest petition that they had no violets for fifty cents and were not accustomed to divide bouquets for so small a sum.

It was of no use to say more for when the Mite began a timid appeal, "Couldn't he now, Oh, please, couldn't he just make up a twenty twenty few?" he waved his hand impatiently, saying that he was very busy and she would do better to try elsewhere.

The Mite mechanically reached up to the counter and secured her scorned offering, floundered again against the portly gentleman, whom indeed she did not see, being blind with tears, and tried again to say "sense me," but found that she could not control her voice, when to her surprise he immediately laid a detaining hand on her arm and said gently:

"Wait a minute, my good little—humpf! wait." She stood still, staring at him, while he went over to the clerk and indulged, unheard by her, in the following whispered dialogue:

"William—er—what would you call it now, the making of a man or a woman?"
"Well, sir, seeing you ask me, I should say, sir, judging from the headgear, a male, sir, yet again, from the jacket, a female. But take it all in all, sir, we shall not look upon its like again."

William, who evidently fancied himself a wit, gave utterance to a great roar of laughter. The child had been striving to stay her tears while watching the two with wondering eyes, but at this she started passionately forward on a run toward the door, while crying out:

"Oh, you cruel man! To make fun of a poor little thing like me, an' on Christmas Eve, too!"

Even while the portly gentleman was saying to the clerk:

"Make up the biggest bunch of violets you can, William—don't spare the expense, and give 'em to the poor little—humpf—girl, I take it."

But alas! For the snow-clogged feet; just as her hand was on the door, she slipped and fell heavily with one foot twisted under her, and immediately trying to rise again, fell back with a moan of pain.

(To be continued.)

There are two conditions necessary to all effective sympathy—a kind heart and delicate perception. It is a common mistake to imagine that the former is all-sufficient. If a man or woman be really desirous to promote the happiness of another, it is supposed that his sympathy is secured. But sympathy requires a realization of the feelings which are to be sympathized in, and for this something more than mere kind-heartedness is necessary. When we see a painful accident, how is it that we immediately sympathize in the suffering we witness? Because we have a keen sense of the pain; we imagine it so vividly that we often shrink and tremble almost as if we actually felt it ourselves.

LULLABY.

Holy Mother! Holy Mother!
In the dark I fear,
Light me with thy shining eyes,
Be thou ever near.

Holy Mother! Holy Mother!
Call thy little Son;
Bid Him bring me praying dreams
Ere the night be done.

Call the angels, call them early,
Bid them fly to thee.
One to call the little birds,
One to waken me.

—S. Weir Mitchell in Everybody's.

MY SHADOW.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head,
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow.

For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an Indian rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.

He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see—
I'd think shame to stick to nurse as that shadow sticks to me.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup.

But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepyhead,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Unfaithfulness to God is infinitely more heinous than is unfaithfulness to man or any set of men. No one is faithful to his fellow men until he is first faithful to his God. All the laws of God are in the interest of humanity, and he who fails to keep them just to that extent withholds the blessings of God from his fellows.

Protestant Episcopal circles in Reading, Pa., were surprised early this week by the announcement of the resignation by Rev. W. Emery Henkell of his charge as rector of St. Barnabas' church. Coupled with this came the information that Mr. Henkell was about to enter the true fold, and, being unmarried and in the prime of life—about 45 years old, would study for the priesthood.

Arrangements have been completed for the convert's formal reception into the Catholic church, and it is expected that the ceremony will take place on Friday of this week in St. Peter's church, Reading, Pa. Rev. Thomas S. McCarty, the rector, officiating.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

What shall it matter, when toil is done,
The worry and care that we know today—
What if the race be lost or won,
When life runs on such a little way?
Vanity, hate and the greed of men,
Why not cast them aside and live
The simple creed the heart knows when
The first sweet blooms their lessons give?

What shall it matter, the fume and fret,
The striving and all that the world may dole—
What of the spoil that the hands may get,
Can it turn to white a blackened soul?
Better, I say, the rags and tatters,
And a mind that holds no doubts nor fears,
Than tinsel and gold that ruins, shatters,
And masks that cover the blinding tears.

Better a life of simple pleasures,
Far from the sins that stain, deface—
The soul must leave both fame and treasures
When clay returns to the earth's embrace.
Better, I say, the spoil that shatters,
Better by far if the way you've trod
Has been the way of rags and tatters,
If they bring to the heart the maker—God!

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Let your aim be to keep cheerful always. You may fall short of the "always," but you will achieve more by taking this highest standard than by trying to be cheerful merely "most of the time." Learn to make an atmosphere of joy for yourself not only for your own sake, but for the good of the people you meet.

A girl should be taught to detest two things—idleness and aimlessness. These two enemies have given birth to ennui, which is pain. If she be a child of fortune, instruct her, even more carefully than if she were poor, to work in some definite manner for pleasure's own sake. More than all, train her hands and stir her brain with the constant assurance that she will find her sweetest satisfaction in that which she is to accomplish in life.

Tell me, my secret soul—
Oh, tell me Hope and Faith—
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered, "Yes, in heaven!"

—Charles Mackay.

"Now, Patsy, if it should come to a real issue which would you rather lose—your money or your life?"
"Me loife, begorra. Oi'm savin' me money for me ould age."—Oklahoma State apital.

"It takes great strength to bring your life up square With your accepted thought, and hold it there; Resisting the inertia that drags back From the new attempts to the old habit's track. It is so easy to drift back, to sink; So hard to live abreast of what you think!"

Daily prayers are the best remedy for daily cares.

DARK AGES.

Continued from Page 1.

The Arians became so numerous and powerful that they established a kingdom of their own in Africa, also in northern Italy. The Burgundians, who originally lived on the shores of the Baltic sea, made their way to Gaul, took possession of Switzerland and the greater part of Gaul. They were in part Arians, part pagan, with no glimmer of civilization to enlighten them. The church in England, at this period, had lost its power of growth, and most of the British subjects became pagan, offering sacrifices to Woden and Thor. Spain was only half Catholic. The Germanic states were all saturated with paganism.

We have, then, at the opening of the Dark Ages, all northern and western Europe and on the borders of the capital of Greece, that portion of the world which today stands supreme, merged in heathenism and barbarism. The only one bright spot, where Christianity flourished in all its vigor and which sent missionaries burning with zeal to these once Christianized but now pagan nations, was Ireland. The blood of her martyred saints flowed freely in all these countries for the propagation of the faith. But the church, as alleged by anti-Catholic writers, did not have it all her own way, and was not the dictator she is supposed to have been at the commencement of the Dark Ages. Her mission, then, was a severe test on her supernatural power than when she emerged from the catacombs and conquered the Caesars.

What was true at the commencement of the Dark Ages is equally true not only down to the sixteenth century, but to the present, and will continue till time is no more, and that is that the church battled and will have to battle against a hostile world always. It was in the Dark Ages that Mohammedanism was born. The Mohammedan religion began with the year 622, when Mohammed was forced to fly from Mecca. His reign was a menace to Christendom, and meant anything but peace for the church for eight hundred years. In the eighth century Leo the Isaurian, the founder of Iconoclasm, battled against the church, disturbing her peace and tranquillity throughout his imperial domain. The Saracens, a predatory Arab tribe, who conquered Syria, Palestine, Persia and Egypt, between the years 634 and 641, and all northern Africa at the commencement of the eighth century, soon after invaded Spain, France and Sicily, disturbing the peace of the church wherever their lawless ambition led them. It was during the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries that the cruel and barbarous Norsemen flooded Europe and made a ferocious war on the church. All heresies, and they were innumerable during the Dark Ages, meant war on the church, and would have triumphed had she not been divine. One of the most cogent proofs of the divinity of the Christian Church is the continuous denial and contradiction of her authority and doctrines, yet always triumphant.

What is true of heresy is equally true of the civil powers during these same Dark Ages. From Charlemagne, who died in 814, to Charles V, who died in 1380, we find scarcely a ruler who respected the rights and freedom of the church. Down through these Dark Ages, she was struggling for religious liberty. In doing so, she stirred up the enmity of the powers of the world, yet succeeded in subjecting the world to the yoke of the cross. Flesh and blood, pride and ambition, false wisdom and all the passions of men revolted against her, yet unaided, without support or protection, she triumphed by the arms of grace and truth. No Catholic nation, in her long and unbroken history, extended to her the liberty she enjoys today in the United States. Hence the delusion that she encountered no opposition during the Dark Ages, or that she should shoulder all that transpired during these ages. History proves the contrary.

(To be continued.)

LOURDES.

Continued from Page 1.

quality of the appearance of the Blessed Virgin to the peasant girl?

If these questions only trouble, but do not move you to adhesion, how do you account for the copious flow of water where water was never known to appear? Since these waters, having no therapeutic or medicinal value, began to flow, their touch has given sight to the blind, speech to the dumb and hearing to the deaf. How do you explain all this? If it does not come from the hands of God, by a change in the laws of nature, then it is a greater miracle than the apparitions themselves. If you permit your common sense a little fair play, you will not be disturbed by the scoffing, jeering calumnies and lies heaped upon it all by men of notoriously loose lives and of no faith, nor will you be disturbed by the shrug of the shoulder of the free and easy Catholic who approaches the Sacraments once in ten years. And now let us listen to Our Divine Lord. Dives is in hell and: "Lifting up his eyes when he was in torments he saw Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom: . . . And he said: then, father, I beseech thee that thou wouldst send him to my father's house: For I have five brothers: that he may warn them lest they also come into this place of torment."

"And Abraham said to him: they have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. But Dives said: No, father Abraham; but if one went to them from the dead, they will do penance. And Abraham said to him: if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe if one rise again from the dead."

Human nature does not change. As it was in the days of Our Blessed Lord, so it is now. Wonders are accomplished and miracles are wrought even at the threshold, but the seed of these miracles falls on barren soil and no harvest is reaped in the autumn.

HUBERT LARKIN.

WHEN THE RACE IS RUN.

(By Marie Conway Oemler in Lippincott's.)

Will the great God choose, when the race is run,
Light crafts safe moored in a harbor?
Will He smile on flowers born to the sun
And trained to a sheltered arbor?
Or will He choose lives tempest-tossed,
Which His winds and His waves have riven,
And gather the buds which the sunshine lost,
To bloom in the fields of Heaven?

We must be prepared to find that one cross leads to another, and little crosses to great ones. For the most part, crosses do not come singly.

THE EVIL AND THE REMEDY.

Many writers explain the French situation by saying that the masses of the French Catholics "have become indifferent." American Catholicism must be preserved from indifference. Indifference is the enemy. How shall we ward it off? By cultivating widely an interest and intelligence in Catholic affairs. And how do this? By promoting the circulation of the Catholic press.—Catholic Citizen.

Try to be something in the world, and you will be something; aim at excellence and excellence will be attained. This is the great secret of success and eminence. "I cannot do it," never accomplished anything. "I will try," has wrought wonders.

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